

# THE CLAYTON NEWS

OFFICIAL PAPER OF UNION COUNTY

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## THEY

And "they" say "let there be peace. It was 'politics,' and we are willing to let by-gones be by-gones and have peace in our county family for a season." Undoubtedly, "they" are willing to forget and have others forget "their" dishonorable practices during and after the last election; also, "they" are willing, prayerfully willing, to have the actions of the caucus majority forgotten; also, "they" are willing, insistently willing, that the burglar's little tool be forgotten. But you can bet your sweet life that there isn't going to be any forgetting. "They" were not disfranchised; "they" were not elected to office by a majority vote of the good people of the county, and then robbed through the connivance of an unregenerate caucus majority. "They" were in no sense representatives of the majority of the voters of the county whose votes went for naught, because "they" were jinning the jimmies and corking the corkscrews.

No wonder "they" want their work forgotten, but there will be no forgetting. When sinned against does the Lord God of Hosts forget? When sinned against will the real, honest, good old American citizenship of Union county and New Mexico forget? Hardly.

According to state officials Union county has, since 1912, made a greater reduction in its tax rate than any other county in the state. And according to our information, gained from reading state and national statistical reports on the chief industries of the state, it has made greater progress in agriculture and stock raising than any other county in the state. These two facts clearly demonstrate that Union county is the best county in the state, and that it is blessed with an efficient and thoroughly competent county administration. The man who is not prosperous in this county would not be prosperous anywhere. Get that?

Editors have manifold troubles as well as manifold duties. We have our share. Imagine a business in which it is your bounden duty to please everybody, or get "bawled out," and maybe you can dig up a little sympathy for the poor down-trodden. Also imagine a business that everybody wants a hand in conducting. We do the best we can at all times and let it go at that, and it takes about 168 hours a week to do that.

Some poor misguided worshipper has proposed Sec. Romero for governor. There is no danger of Sec. being governor, but we would dislike to see even the republicans nominate him. The Associated Press would immediately let all the fact over the entire country, and even, it would devolve upon the press of the state to explain and excuse.

We take very little stock in the report that the Japs have landed forces in Mexico and occupied one of the best harbors of Lower California. The Japanese can rightfully be accused of many shortcomings, but sense and brains is not one of them. Japan has plenty of trouble without inviting a licking by the United States.

The trees that are to be set on the courthouse grounds arrived this week and will be placed as soon as the weather will permit. We had a look at them and they are as fine looking lot of black locust as could be procured anywhere and average eight feet in height.

The latest meeting between Villa and Obregon seems to be a meeting between Greek and Greek. They are engaged in the arduous task of eliminating each other, and it is almost certain that Uncle Sam is wishing for the success of both.

We have received strong commendation for our kick on the lumber situation. Let's keep on kicking until a little meed of justice is secured even if we have to dispense with the service and presence of a few foreign corporations. Scantlings at \$32 per is a nice state of affairs. Kick.

The fact that "you can't keep a good man down" is being demonstrated in the case of our friend, Howell Earnest. The caucus tried to legislate him out of office, but got its wires crossed and its jimmy dulled and failed to arrive on time.

It has rained every day this week, and dry farmers are in a puzzle. They will either have to drain their land or change their way of farming. It rains in this country.

It is said that elk meat is to become plentiful and cheap, and that is indeed good news. Our hope is that the time is near.

It rained, and rained, and rained, and then rained; and now it is raining some more.

And Bob No. 1 and Bob No. 2 haven't yet explained to Bob No. 3.

## The Mexican Case

Ever since the refusal to recognize Huerta, the only probable alternative to the course actually pursued by the United States has been war of a decidedly more serious nature than that with Spain in 1898. This is the point that the critics of the president's Mexican policy usually gloss over. Possibly the refusal to recognize Huerta was a mistake. Certainly none of his would-be successors seems to equal him in ability.

Irrespective of that question, the highest interest of the United States has consisted in avoiding war by every tolerable means, and that interest the President has unflinchingly pursued.

For two years the situation in Mexico has been irritating in a high degree; in fact, beginning badly it has pretty steadily grown worse—sliding down into more chaotic waters. To point that out and to imply that it brands the President's policy with failure is easy enough; but there is no probability that the president could have improved the situation except by military conquest of the country; and there has never been a time when the object was worth the price.

To put the case fairly, criticism of the president's course should be accompanied by frank acknowledgment that the only probable alternative to that course was war on the largest scale since 1865. Put in that way, we have not the least doubt that an overwhelming majority of citizens would uphold the president.

War with Mexico is not merely a question of defeating certain bands of revolutionary troops. The question of setting up and continuing a government sufficiently powerful to maintain order throughout the country is implied; and that, again, probably implies more or less benevolent military despotism, with a considerable standing army at its command.

In short, the probable alternative to the president's course has been not only war but Uncle Sam in the role of Diaz.—Saturday Evening Post.

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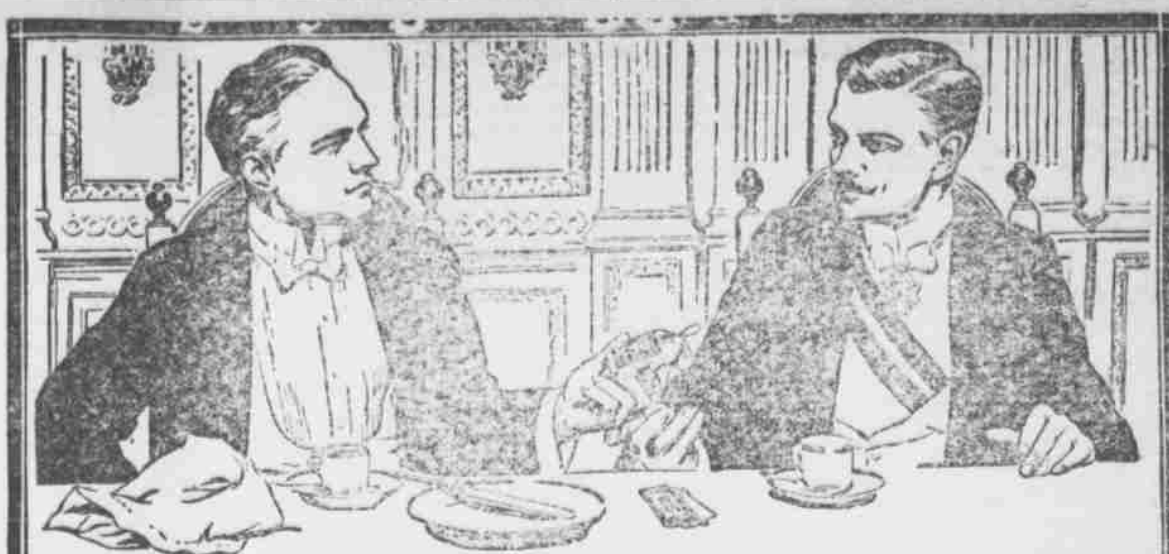
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## Eskimo High Kickers.

Instead of using only one leg in the standing high kick Eskimos employ both feet, just as they would in a high jump. Although handicapped in this way, by throwing the head and the shoulders higher than the feet a record of six feet nine inches has been established. No other people enjoy more than the Eskimos the exhibiting of their athletic abilities. Whenever there is a national celebration they literally flock into Nome by the hundreds, intent on displaying their prowess.

## A Poor Remedy.

"I notice a man who had a cold in his head has committed suicide."  
"Poor fellow! Now what fool friend could have advised him to try that remedy?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Very High.

"I just got that doctor's bill for that fever of mine."  
"How was it?"  
"It was a very high fever—higher than I dreamed."

zephyrs blew, all our cherished plans and our golden schemes will then in an hour come true. No more to toil for a pauper's pay, no longer to hew and spin, we'll all be glad on that joyful day, the day that our ships come in. There are many things I would like to do, if only I had the price; I'd give the orphan a needed shoe; the widow a cake of ice; I'd help the pastor repair the church, but I'm always short of tin; to raise a dime takes a lengthy search and will till my ship comes in. I'd help the poor in a lavish way if I were a millionaire; I'd feed them oysters three times a day, and banish their loads of care. I'd like to battle with stark disease in slums that are dark with sin, but I can't get busy with things like these till my good old ship comes in. I do no good as I plug along, for I'm always dreaming dreams; I haven't the money to combat wrong, or baffle the wicked's schemes. I'll do fine things on a future day—to that theory my faith I pin, when over the sea and over the bay, my beautiful ship comes in.—Walt Mason.

## Hoing and Praying

Said Farmer Jones, in a whining tone,  
To his good old neighbor Gray,  
"I've worn my knees through to the bone,  
But it ain't no use to pray."

"Your corn looks twice as good as mine,  
Though you don't pretend to be  
A shinin' light in the church to shine,  
An' tell salvation's free."

"I've prayed the Lord a thousand times  
For to make that 'ere corn grow;  
An' why youn beats it so an' climbs  
I'd give a deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones,  
In his quiet and easy way,  
"When prayers get mixed with lazy bones  
They don't make farmin' pay."

"Your weeds, I notice, are well and tall,

## LULLABY.

Day is stealing down the west,  
Tender, drowsy sounds are heard  
Closer now each downy bird  
Creeps 'neath mother wings to rest.  
In the fading sky afar,  
Kindled by some angel hand  
Twinkling comes a tiny star—  
Baby's guide to Sleepy Land.

Cooler, darker grows the air,  
Eerie shadows haunt the room  
In the garden, through the gloom,  
Wildering bats and owlets fare  
But the lambs and birdies seem  
Happy now at home to keep,  
And a darling little dream  
Smiles at baby in his sleep.  
—Florence Earle Coates.